

## The second Part, to the same Tune

**H**E with his Master cheek by jowl,  
 unto old Gillian by'd,  
 Into whose sight no sooner came,  
 whom habe you here (quoth she)  
 A feiow I doubt will cut our throats  
 So like a knabe looks hee.  
 Pat so, old dame, quoth Alfred straight,  
 of me you need not fear,  
 My Master hir'd me for ten groats  
 to serbe you one whole year:  
 So good Dame Gillian grant me laabe  
 within your house to stay,  
 For by Saint Anne do what you can,  
 I will not yet away.  
 Per churlish usage pleas'd him still,  
 but put him to such proof,  
 That he that night was almost choak'd  
 within that smokie roof:  
 But as he sat with smiling cheer,  
 the ebent of all to see;  
 His dāe brought forth a piece of dowe,  
 whish in the fire thowas she,  
 Where lying on the hearth to bake,  
 by chance the cake did burn;  
 What canst thou not thou lout (quoth  
 take pains the same to turn: (she)  
 Thou art moze quick to take it out  
 and eat it up valse dowe;  
 Then thus to stay till't be enough  
 and so thy manners shew;  
 But seche me such another trick,  
 I'le thwack thee on the snout,  
 Which made the paret King good mā,  
 of her to stand in doubt:  
 But to be bles, to bed they went,  
 the good man and his wife,  
 But neber such a lodging had  
 King Alfre in his life;  
 For he was la'd in where sheeps wooll  
 new pull'd from tanned ells,  
 And oze his head hang spiders webs  
 as if they had been bells:  
 As this the Country guise thought he,  
 then here I will not stay,  
 But vence be gone as soon as breaks  
 the peeping of next day.  
 The cackling Gese & Hens kept roost,  
 and perched at his side,  
 Where at the last the watchful Cock  
 made known the morning tide:  
 Then up got Alfre with his hozn,  
 and blew so long a blast,  
 That made Gillian and her Zoom  
 in bed full soze agast:  
 Arise quoth she we are undone,  
 this night we lodged habe,  
 At unawares within our house  
 a false dissembling knabe:  
 Rise Husband rise, he'l outour throats  
 he calieth for his mates:  
 Ide gibe (old Wil) our good Cade lamb  
 he would depart our Gates.

But still King Alfred blew his hozn,  
 befoze them moze and moze.  
 Till that a hundred Lords & knights  
 all lighted at the dooz:  
 Which cried all hail, all hail good King  
 long habe we look'd your Grace,  
 And here you find (my merry men all)  
 your Soberaign in this place.  
 We shall surely be hang'd up both,  
 old Gillian I much fear,  
 The shepherd said for using thus  
 our good King Alfred here:  
 A pardon my Leage (quoth Gillian then)  
 for my Husband and for me,  
 By these ten bones I neber thought  
 the same that now I see,  
 And by my hook the shepherd said  
 an Oath both good and true,  
 Befoze this time O Noble King  
 I neber your Highnesse knew:  
 Then pardon me and my old wife,  
 that we may after say,  
 When first you came into our house,  
 it was a happy day.  
 It shall be done said Alfred straight,  
 and Gillian my old Dame,  
 For this thy churlish using me,  
 deserbeth not much blame;  
 For this thy Country guise I see,  
 to be thus bluntish still,  
 And where the plainest meaning is,  
 remains the smallest ill:  
 And Master so I tell to thee now,  
 for thy last manhood shewn,  
 A thousand Weathers I'le bestow  
 upon thee for thine own;  
 And pasture ground as much as will  
 suffice to feed them all,  
 And this thy cottage I will change  
 into a stately Hall.  
 As for the same (as duty binds)  
 the shepherd said good King,  
 A milk-white Lamb on ebery year,  
 I'le to your Highnesse bring;  
 And Gillian my wife likewise,  
 of Wooll to make you Coates,  
 Will gibe so much at New-years-tide  
 as shall be worth ten groats:  
 And in your praise my bag pipe shall,  
 sound sweetly once a year,  
 How Alfred our renowned King,  
 most kindly hath been here,  
 Thanks shepherd thanks, qth. he again  
 the next time I come hicher,  
 My Lords with mee here in this house,  
 will all be merry together.

F I N I S.

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